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to honor. Different opinions may exist respecting the wisdom of Mr. Randolph's political principles, and the discretion which he evinced in his public career ; but there can be no doubt of his eminent abilities, and his sincere devotion of them to the interests of Virginia, from whom, therefore, his memory deserves all the eulogies which her gratitude can bestow.

13. — *The Rhode-Island Book ; Selections in Prose and Verse from the Writings of Rhode Island Citizens.* By ANNE C. LYNCH. Providence : H. Fuller. 1841. 12mo. pp. 352.

THIS volume has, we think, uncommon merit among works of its class. Rhode Island, though a small State, has produced its full share of distinguished writers, both in prose and poetry. In the list of contributors to the present work, we find many names already known to fame, in the walks of literature or public life ; we find the sound sense and vigorous eloquence of a Wayland, the lively imagination of a Rockwell, the humor of a Green (the author of "Old Grimes"), the copious and vehement and forcible style of a Burges, and the polished and classical composition of Professor Goddard. Besides these, many other names, to us heretofore unknown, but destined to shine in American letters, adorn its pages. We are glad to see some pieces of that suffering child of song, Miss Taggart, inserted here. Her extraordinary case excited the public sympathy several years ago, and the little volume of poems, composed by her under the most severe and incessant physical pains, was justly regarded as a remarkable literary phenomenon. We notice several very poetical pieces by Miss Jacobs, the best of which is that "suggested by Alston's Picture of Jeremiah and Baruch in the prison" ; and two or three by Mr. Brooks the able translator of Schiller's "William Tell." Among the pieces by Green we select "The Baron's Last Banquet" as a very successful essay in the ballad style.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where in his last strong agony a dying warrior lay,
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say my days of life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no more ;
They come, and to my beard they dare to tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord and master born,—that I, ha ! ha ! must die.

“And what is death? I’ve dared him oft before the Paynim spear, —
Think ye he ’s entered at my gate, has come to seek me here?
I’ve met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was raging hot, —
I’ll try his might, — I’ll brave his power; defy, and fear him not.

“Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, — and fire the culverin, —
Bid each retainer arm with speed, — call every vassal in,
Up with my banner on the wall, — the banquet board prepare, —
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armour there!’

“A hundred hands were busy then, — the banquet forth was spread, —
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread,
While from the rich, dark tracery along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o’er the proud old Gothic hall.

“Fast hurrying through the outer gate the mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal’s frowning arch, and thronged around the board
While at its head, within his dark, carved oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

“Fill every beaker up, my men, pour forth the cheering wine,
There’s life and strength in every drop, — thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true? — mine eyes are waxing dim; —
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim.

“Ye’re there, but yet I see ye not. Draw forth each trusty sword, —
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board:
I hear it faintly: — Louder yet! — What clogs my heavy breath?
Up all, — and shout for Rudiger, ‘Defiance unto Death!’

“Bowl rang to bowl, — steel clanged to steel, — and rose a deafening cry
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high: —
‘Ho! cravens, do ye fear him? — Slaves, traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone!’

“But I defy him: — let him come!’ Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing halfway up;
And with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, Old Rudiger sat, *dead*.
— pp. 66–68.

But we are sorry to find nothing here from the pen of George W. Green, the present Consul of the United States at Rome. Rhode Island has not sent forth a better scholar, or a more graceful writer than this gentleman; and his literary abilities are now doing great honor, not only to his native State, but to his country, in the position which he at present occupies.
